PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

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THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

" 'Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And everything amiss;'
A dull, complaining atheist said,
As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
An instances it in this:

'Behold,' quoth he, 'that mighty thing,
A pumpkin, large, and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportioned grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung,
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.'

No more the caviler could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing as he lay,
An acorn, loosened from its spray
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punished for that sin;
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimseys would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in."

THE PACIFIC

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Eight years ago only eight million people in the United States lived in territory in which the saloon was prohibited. Today there are thirty-five million. Truly, our God is marching on!

For thirty-one successive Sundays, ending the first week in May, persons united with the Central Methodist Church of Detroit. Here is an indication of business methods in the Lord's business!

Single tax will be defeated at the election in Oregon next week in all probability; but the cause of prohibition will win many triumphs. According to the Oregonian the liquor dealers are greatly alarmed.

The Democratic party of Washington, in convention last week at Spokane, put in its platform a plank favoring the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors.

The Frick Coke Company, of Pittsburg, has issued an order to its employes concerning drinking which is the most sweeping of the kind in the industrial world. The announcement is practically that it will not employ any one who is known to partake of intoxicating liquors.

A Cayuse Indian chief with an automobile! Such is the news from the Umatilla reservation in Oregon. But why shouldn't this Indian have an automobile? Doubtless he is better able to own one and will make better use of it than some other people who have them.

A man who has been an inmate of the asylum for insane for forty years owns property in Seattle valued at $1,000,000. It is said that nothing has been done to improve the property, but that this value has come from a natural increase with the growth of seattle from a village to a city.

The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Portland leased the Association hall for a lecture by Emma Goldman. Such was the outcry against it by citizens that her manager released the secretary from the agreement. Miss Goldman will speak, and she might as well be allowed to speak in a Y. M. C. A. hall as anywhere else.

The oldest woman in Chicacgo, whose age is 115, has given as her recipe for long life, "Work hard and love God." She came from Russia when she was 100 years old. A Chicago paper says of her: "Mrs. Bondzinski is a remarkable woman in many ways and seems to be in perfect health. She says that even now she could make the return trip to Russia without exhausting her physical resources."

At the Republican national convention this year in Chicago no liquor will be sold or served in the hall in which the convention will be held, nor in any of the committee rooms. Good for the g. o. p.! If it will only go on now, as the signs of the times show that it ought to go, it will pass on from the "grand old party" to the grander new party.

There is among students in the University of California a club known as the Newman Club. The Monitor, our Roman Catholic contemporary, remarks that California Catholics have taken deep interest in the plans and work of the club, and that it is doing a good work in keeping together the Catholic students and caring for them spiritually. We note, also, that there are Newman clubs in several of the Eastern universities, and that a national organization has been formed, thus associating all the Catholic University clubs in the United States.

Among the most pleasing items of news which we have seen of late is the announcement that commercial travelers in state convention at Fresno last week decided to make war on the tipping system. Tipping is a great nuisance; an absolute evil, and ought not to be allowed. Some one has said that it arose and flourishes because of selfish considerations, that people give thus, not to be kind and helpful to those to whom they give, but in order to secure better attention and service than others. Be that as it may as to its origin, it is plain that many people have acquiesced in it because they had to; they couldn't get any proper service without it—especially after the first trial. It was "a hold-up." A crusade against tipping will be a crusade in a good cause.

One thousand yards of colored ribbon with five thousand dollars in dimes were carried to a missionary gathering of United Presbyterian women in the East recently. The money was for the work among the mountain whites. Would that an equal amount could be realized for our Green Street Church, San Francisco, from the adhesive plaster strips, three of which will hold five dollars! If your Sunday-school and your Christian Endeavor Society haven't had any of those strips, why not send to Mr. Walz, at 1021 Greenwich street, San Francisco, for several of them? It would do the young people good to fill them in a cause so worthy.

Writing concerning the Aftermath of the Welsh Revival, the editor of the London Christian says: "So many misleading statements have been made concerning the after-results of the Welsh revival, that we are glad to have the absolute assurance of Rev. Principal Edwards, of Cardiff, as to the real facts. The many cases of backsliding, to which public reference has been so frequently made, have occurred largely amongst young people, who were perhaps registered as converts with undue haste. But at the present moment, the Principal says, there are between 60,000 and 70,000 who remain in good standing, and this after three years. These figures should satisfy any who may have been disturbed by statements recently made as to the entire barrenness of the revival. Principal Edwards knows better than any other man the exact state of affairs. It is impossible, in the

nature of things, for the revival to impose itself continually, as during the height of the work, but that the abiding results are as they are is a matter for the profoundest gratitude."

The alumni fellowship of the San Francisco Theological Seminary was awarded this year to Mr. Geo. M. Day, a son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Day, of the chair of Old Testament Literature. Mr. Day will, under this fellowship spend a year in study at Oxford in England, Edinburgh in Scotland, and Halle in Germany, after which he will go to Tokio, Japan, where he will enter the Imperial University and take a Ph.D., learning the Japanese language and pursuing such studies as will fit him for an important position in that country for which he has been chosen by the World's Student Christian Federation—that of student secretary for Japan. It is said that Mr. Day will be the first Anglo-Saxon to take such a course, and the first to occupy the important position of student secretary. The selection was made by John R. Mott, the general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, who searched long for the man for the work, regarding Tokio as the most important student center in the world. Mr. Day is to be congratulated. He goes where he can make his life count grandly in the world's future civilization. Were the present writer a young man having in view a commercial career, in which his life might count for large things, he would prepare himself so as to enter into the most intimate relations with the Japanese and the Chinese—study their languages, and in every way lay foundations for the closest business relations.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is estimated that the Hawaiian sugar crop will bring between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 this year.

Liverpool, the great English seaport, is to spend $16,000,000 for the enlargement of her docking facilities.

Old Coyote and Bull Snake, the two Indians who went to the relief of Generals Custer and Cook in their fight with the Sioux in 1876, and who were wounded, have been granted pensions of $20 a month by the government.

Governor Hoch of Kansas, whose speech at the Methodist General Conference, on prohibition, we give elsewhere, says that he would rather be a country editor than President of the United States.

The disclosure in the reports of eight Iowa railroads that the two-cent fare law has not damaged, but rather has benefited them, is gratifying. We had feared that it might be damaging to Western roads.

Dr. Vincent Latowski, philosopher and educator, professor at a leading university in Poland, said in a lecture to the students at Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, that if they would eat one-eighth less than they do eat they would be better both physically and mentally.

The Wall Street Journal, a great commercial paper, remarks: "What America needs more than railway extension, and Western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety: the kind father and mother used to have —piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting."

The 45,000 population of Honolulu, officially given, includes 14,000 Hawaiians, 12,000 Japanese, 6,300 Chinese, 5,400 Portuguese, 4,300 Americans, 800 British and Yeomans, 800 Porto Ricans, 1,000 Koreans, 1,200 of other nationalities. The total population is about 220,000, 60,000 are Japanese. The total school enrollment is 22,458. The percentage of American children is 4.37; of Hawaiians, 21.91; of Portuguese, 19.14; of Chinese, 10.45; of Japanese, 22.11. Add together Hawaiian, part Hawaiian, American, British and German, 43.47.

On the shores of an Indiana lake thousands of carp were found dead recently. Investigation disclosed the fact that the bodies of the fish had become lined internally with a coat of hard cement. This it supposed they obtained by burrowing into the marl in the lake. Marl is a thin white mud containing a large proportion of lime, sometimes 40 to 50 per cent, and from it cement is made. The carp, with their natural burrowing tendencies, had gotten into these beds and the cement which forms after their swallowing the marl is what caused their death.

Damage suits have been brought, in the Indiana courts against the owners and lessees of the Avaline hotel at Fort Wayne, by persons suffering loss in the fire which destroyed that hotel a few weeks ago, and in which about 25 lives were lost. The complaints allege that the owners of the building are liable because they knew or ought to have known that the building when rented to the lessees was dangerous for use as a hotel, because the halls were narrow and the rooms had only one mode of egress, when the statutes provide they shall have two or more. Other things alleged are that there were insufficient fire escapes, boilers too close to floor, causing the fire to start, and failure to have life-saving ropes in the rooms of the hotel.

Dr. E. T. Devine, the noted charity expert of New York, said the other day of the well-known "bread-line" that the men attracted to it were not deserving men—that time and again he had offered these men work if they would come for it, but they never came. "I am afraid," said Dr. Devine, "that the bread line is composed of weak men, men who, when it comes to a decision, listen to their baser and not their higher selves. The bread-line men, I fancy," he went on, "are like a man of whom I heard recently, who celebrated Easter by drinking eleven glasses of egg nog. Then, staring vacantly before him, he was heard to mutter to himself: 'Shall I have a twelfth or not? My head says no; my stomach says yes; but my head is the more sensible of the two, and in a dispute the more sensible party always gives in. Waiter, another egg nog!' "

Among the current stories is this: At the close of one of the recent Chapman-Alexander revival services in Philadelphia the minister of a certain church went down the aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church?" said he to one as he warmly shook his hands. "No, sir," replied the stranger. "Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister. "I suppose," responded the other, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "A submerged Presbyterian?" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain." "Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopalian choir and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday-school." "But," said the minister, aghast, "you

contribute, doubtless, to some church?" "Yes; I contribute to all of them," was the answer; that's what submerges me."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate is putting in some telling shots to the discomfiture of the liquor men of the great State of Illinois. In a recent issue it quotes with convincing effect the following paragraph from Abraham Lincoln's speech in Springfield, Illinois, Feb. 22, 1842: "The demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born, of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest all can aid that will, and who shall be excused that can and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere we cry: 'Come, sound the moral trump, that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army.' 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.' If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen."

The Central Christian Advocate states that a serious change threatens the Methodist Church in New England. "It is surprising to observe that the membership of the church in East Maine is 444 less than in 1900; in Maine, 123 less; in New Hampshire, 256 less; in Vermont, 82 less; in New England conference, which includes the eastern part of Massachusetts, 1,578 less; whilst the New England Southern conference, which includes a portion of Massachusetts, all Rhode Island and the major part of Connecticut, while it showed a falling off in 1902, and during 1903-4-5 was less than in 1900; but by adding 330 to its conference totals in 1906 it was able to recoup its loss and show 173 increase." The Advocate enters into explanation as follows: "Several social movements have occurred to produce this falling away. The first is the incursion of French Catholics into the New England towns. With them have come a large variety and large numbers of other foreign peoples, until the land of the Puritans is now a very Babel of foreign languages, and some of the old Puritan towns, whose names are among the priceless treasures of our Colonial history, are now swamped by the Goths and Huns and Slavs and Vandals, who have elbowed our indigenous citizens into a minority as regards numbers and in some instances a minor position as regards power. The confessional is now a power in New England, supplanting the power of the Puritan pastor and his Sunday-school, and supplanting in too many places the power of the public school."

There is a demand for trained men at our agricultural colleges which is said to exceed the supply. The Philadelphia Record says: "Organizations of breeders, dairymen, fruit-growers and other producers in many of our states solicit special investigation to be undertaken by station scientists. There is public demand for official tests of foods, animal feeding stuffs and commercial fertilizers. There is continual increase in the number of high schools that give instruction in agriculture and which necessarily find need of agricultural scientists as capable teachers. There are also many farms employing agricultural college graduates as superintendents. The salaries paid to such men exceed those paid to scientists of similar rank in other lines, because there are not enough men to do the work. Our agricultural colleges cannot compete in the matter of salary with commercial concerns that need men trained in agriculture. An illustration is found in the instance of our one agricultural college in Pennsylvania. Within the last year or two one member of the faculty of this school of agriculture has withdrawn to accept a position with a commercial concern producing high-grade milk, and he is now getting $5,000 a year. Another young man on a modest salary has been offered three times his recent wage by a foreign country, which is establishing an experiment station. Another young man in this faculty left to become a farm manager at $1,600 a year. Young men who are preparing for college do well to consider the opportunities open in scientific agriculture. There is wide room for choice within its broad field. There is only one caution. Every man should follow his natural bent, and no one should choose an agricultural training unless he likes it. There is abundant room today for trained workers, but only for those who can become proficient."

Not many years ago Mrs. A. B. Sims of Des Moines, Iowa, was the winner of the women's whist championship in this country. She was greatly infatuated with bridge whist parties. Now she is out in a campaign against all such things. She said in a recent address: "After I saw what I was really doing, I burned up my whist board and cards, and I should like to speak in every church to the women and tell them what card-playing led me and will lead them to. I belong to Christ Church, in Des Moines, and when I was most active at the card table I was also trying to do work in the church. My husband was on the board of trustees, and I was at the head of the church sick committee. I looked about me in the church and saw that card-playing was undermining our organization. The whist and euchre craze was sweeping the women of the congregation, and the church was sinking because of their neglect. The fever to play whist acquired such a hold on me that I abandoned my church work; in fact, I quit attending services. Finally Mr. Sims and I fell to discussing it, and we concluded that my identity with the church and with the card clubs of Des Moines made my attitude ridiculous. I continued to play cards up to December 17, 1906. I had spent years studying whist from a scientific standpoint. I had given as much thought to the game as a minister of a church would give to the Scriptures. Toward the close of my card career I declared that I would give up euchre and bridge whist parties, but would never abandon the regulation game of whist. On December 17, last year, I heard Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman preach on amusements. I made up my mind that I would never touch a card again." Mrs. Sims says further: "The card craze, as it prevails among the women of this country, is the most serious competitor the church has today. It is causing them to abandon home and church interests. I have had letters from women in every leading city in the United States, in which they declared that the church and society women have gone mad over bridge whist and other games. Letters in similar strain have come to me from Canada, Europe and Mexico. It was when these messages began to pour in upon me that the hold cards have taken on civilized women fully dawned on me."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

San Francisco has fair promise of securing the International Sunday School Convention in 1911.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Oakland went to Walla Walla last week to look over the field to which he has been called.

The Rev. A. B. Penniman brought to the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday a fine paper on Henry Ward Beecher.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher of the Sunday-school Society has organized five new schools in Northern California during the last month.

The Rev. H. K. Booth is to give the baccalaureate sermon for the Berkeley high school in the First Congregational church next Sunday evening.

The Rev. Ben. F. Sargent, who has been at San Diego since the first of the year, has gone to Guerneville, where he expects to remain for the next three months.

The baccalaureate sermon at Stanford University was given this year by the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

The Outlook considered the recent Indian Conference at Riverside of such importance and interest that it gave space to an account of it to the extent of two and a half pages.

The Laymen's Association of the Methodist Church of Oregon adopted certain principles not long ago, among which was this: The Pacific Christian Advocate in every home."

The Rev. E. J. Singer, who has been recuperating at Orloff for a few weeks, has taken charge of the work at Cottonwood temporarily, the Rev. Mr. Cameron having resigned there.

Next year another Pacific Coast Congress is due. It was assigned to Portland. But there has been talk of having it at Seattle because of the Alaska-Yukon exposition to be held in that city that year.

President Gates of Pomona College was a delegate to the recent Republican convention at Sacramento, being elected on the Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket. President Gates is always for reform, when it is the right kind.

The union arrangements between the First Congregational and St. John's Presbyterian churches of Berkeley, for the vacation season go into effect next Sunday. The Rev. George G. Eldridge will be the pastor for both churches for that time.

Prof. Schafer of the University of Oregon, and a member of the First Congregational Church of Eugene, has been in London for several months studying all available documents relating to the Oregon Country in those days when England was fondly hoping to secure it as one of her posssessions.

At the general conference of the Methodist Church, in Baltimore, a resolution was introduced, asking that the conference direct the Book Concern to provide the Pacific Christian Advocate, published at Portland, with a subsidy of $1,500 and the white paper for the coming quadrennium.

The pulpit of the First Church, Oakland, was occoupied last Sunday by the Rev. H. K. Booth of the North Berkeley Church. Professor Buckham was in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and the Rev. H. M. Tenney in that of the First Congregational of Berkeley.

The Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Bethlehem Institute, Los Angeles, has issued a fifty cent edition of his new book, "The Better City." It is a book well worth reading. All who buy it will enjoy it, will be helped by it, and will help along a most worthy work. Mr. Bartlett's address is 510 Vignes street, Los Angeles.

Fabiola Hospital received $4,376 as the proceeds for Fabiola Day at the Emeryville racetrack last Saturday. The agitation against the receiving of these receipts should go on. Let it begin earlier another year. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" may be applied in affairs of war as in those of love. Those ladies will yet be won.

Pomona College is always reaching out after persons and things calculated to mold aright the lives of the young men and young women entrusted to her for training. It is not surprising, therefore, that Miss Clara B. True, the government Indian agent at Banning, addressed the students at chapel one morning last week. Miss True is the one concerning whom Mr. Albert K. Smiley said, "If we had one hundred like her, we would soon have our Indian problem solved."

One week from next Sunday, Bishop Bell will dedicate for the United Brethren a new church building in Chico, which has been erected at a cost of $5,000 exclusive of the lot which was donated by Mrs. Bidwell. The United brethren Church at Chico was organized only a few months ago with 17 members. The number has increased to 27. Such was the welcome extended the church by the people of Chico that the building has been built without any help from the church erection society. If $500 is raised on the day of dedication it will be free from debt.

Our churches in Hawaii are getting some good men from the main land. The Rev. Dr. John F. Cowan, for many years one of the editors of the Christian Endeavor World, goes to the Union Church in Kohala, and the Kahului Union Church gets the Rev. T. A. Waltrip, recently of Phoenix, N. Y. Concerning him the Friend of Honolulu, says: "Kahului's new pastor, who will reach his field towards the end of this month, is a young man nearing his prime. He took his A. B., at Westfield College, Illinois, and his B. D. at the Union Biblical Seminary in Dayton, Ohio. After graduating from the latter he taught three years in a California Academy and then returned to his Alma Mater to teach for two years. He next served four years' term as pastor at Lakewood, N. Y., and then moved to Phoenix where he was pastor of the Congregational Church for five years. He has a wife but no children. Mr. and Mrs. Waltrip will sail from San Francisco, May 15." We note also that the Central Union Church of Honolulu has called an assistant pastor, the Rev. A. A. Ebersole. The Friend is of opinion that 1907-1908 will be the banner year in strengthening the work in the Islands, by the bringing in of new men.

We have read with interest the account in Student Life of the recent oratorical contest by the Young ladies in Pomona College. One had as her subject, "There was a Man Sent from God—David Livingstone." According to the report in Student Life the thought was: "As Abraham Lincoln was the liberator of Darkest America so this patient, enduring, self-sacrificing man whose duty and privilege it was to open up a continent and to set free the captives of darkness and degradation was the liberator of Darkest Africa. We love to think of him as an explorer, as a con-

tributor to scientific interests, but do we think of him enough as the redeemer of a nation, the human agent of the divine King in loosening the bonds of the crippled and helpless people?" Another had as her subject, "A Man to Match His Mountain." This "traced the gradual development of the influence which the mountains have had on men's lives all through the ages down to the present day—the influence that made one man cry out, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' If the mountains have deepened and broadened the lives of such men as Wordsworth and our own Whittier and Burroughs and Sill, why should not we, too, gain from their majesty beauty, help and strength and uplift?" Another spoke concerning the "Pilgrim Mothers." Here the thought was: "We have heard from our childhood of the great and glorious Pilgrim Fathers, but how about the brave, steadfast, persevering, practical Pilgrim mothers? How about the powers that raised up great men of the early colonial days, the powers that ruled the homes, the powers that endured and dared and sacrificed? Have we ever thought enough of these women who made the deeds of the Fathers possible?" Other subjects were: "Student Self-government," and "Representation of Christ in Art."

Writing in the Herald and Presbytery on "How to Reach the Boys," the Rev. Dr. Hunter of Buffalo tells of a dream which the Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Rutgers Church, New York, is reported to have had when he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco: "They had bought a new carpet, and some of the ladies opposed having the boys' club meet in the church parlors. Dr. McKenzie dreamed that a delegation of women from the First Church came up to the gates of glory with a great roll, seeking entrance. St. Peter asked them who they were, and whence they came. They replied that they were from the First Presbyterian Church of San Franciscoc. Then he asked what they had done in the way of Christian work. They replied that they had done church work of various kinds; among other things they had earned money, and had bought a very fine carpet for the church. St. Peter looked over the records, and said: "Were there no boys in the First Church?" They replied that they had had boys formerly in their church, but that they wanted to have their club meetings in the church parlors. The ladies' society had opposed the meetings because the boys would ruin the carpet. Then the ladies unwrapped the roll, and showed a beautiful and well-preserved carpet. "See here," said they, "how well we have cared for our carpet." St. Peter replied: "But where are the boys?" "They became scattered,' replied the women. "The Master shed his blood for the boys—not for the carpet,' said St. Peter. "Oh, where are those boys, women?" With tears St. Peter turned away, repeating as he went, "Where are the boys, the boys—not the carpet, but the boys.'"

THE BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT.

Part of an Address by Charles H. Seccombe, of Ontario.

The Brotherhood Movement is one of the significant developments in our national life. It ranks in importance with the great movemnts of the last two decades which are influencing the policies of this Republic—the awakening of the people to the place which America is to hold among the nations and to the need of a navy to give dignity to diplomacy, the conserving and developing of our natural resources, the multiplying of public libraries and the exaltation of child study, the revival of the sense of honesty in business and in politics, the spirit of reform which, like a mighty giant, is ridding the country of the tryanny of the liquor evil. Second to none of these is the Brotherhood Movement,—the awakening of the manhood of America to the reality and claims of the religious and the spiritual.

The great menace to our national life has been the commercializing of our citizenship. As a people, we have been engaged since the close of the civil war in exploring and developing our material resources. We have grown immensely rich in the business; and we have grown mercenary. The youth have been taught to spell success thus: "$ucce$$," to regard income as the standard of ability. The colleges have felt the demand for courses of education that train for money getting. An overdelevoped business sense on the part of leading citizens in small communities as well as in large cities opposed every reform that threatened "business interests," and even connived with law-breakers. The French diplomat making an address at a public reception during the Columbian Exposition, unwittingly spoke the truth when in broken English he said, "I marvel at ze devilupments of dez country." The generation that saved the government during the perils of Civil War rose to a patriotis that meant service and sacrifice; their successors, the heirs of a united country, were fast regarding the government as useful mainly for the protection of business.

It is needless to say that the church has suffered from the concentration upon money making of the time and strength of the American manhood. It is no wonder that some in alarm should declare that the Christian Church and religion in America were in a state of decline. The absence of men from the services and work of the church, the falling off in the number of accessions to membership on confession of faith, the impoverishment of church treasuries and retrenchment in missionary work at home and abroad, were some of the distressing symptoms.

But the men of America no less than the church were suffering because of their indifference to the appeals of Jesus Christ. Business, worshipped as a god, was crushing under its Juggernaut wheels the peace of mind, the finer sensibilities, the nervous and physical strength, the very lives of its devotees. The heartless, cruel game of money making brought to the winners, ennui, satiety, broken health; to the contestants, consuming, destroying ambition; to he losers, bitterness, despondency, suicide.

The Brotherhood Movement is the awakening of the manhood of America to the leadership and kingship of the Elder Brother. It is an awakening to the saving power of his gospel and the thrilling mission of his church. Business men are coming to see that the religion of Jesus Christ is not simply protection to the weak, a support to the infirm, but a ringing command to the mature and strong. The program of the church to bring men into touch with God and into the relations of mutual helpfulness with one another, to prepare for the better life hereafter, but also to better life here, to grapple with the problems of our modern civilization, to carry the blessings of Christian truth to the less favored peoples of the earth; and thus, for the sake of the peace of the world, the welfare of humanity, and the glory of God, to help them to a higher plane of living. This program of world conquest for Jesus Christ is stirring the imaginations and arousing the activities of men.

As a religious awakening it is full of promise to the church. Modern revivals are doing much for the kingdom. Torrey with his dogmatism, Sunday with his sensationalism, Chapman with his personal magnetism and organizing ability, Gypsy Smith with his persuasiveness, Dawson with his scholarship, and many other revivalists are being used of God to increase the efficiency of the church. But this movement, the enlisting of individual men to engage in a

business-like way in the work of the Master, to bring to the spread of the gospel the enthusiasm and talent which heretofore have been expended in seeking gain, meets the greatest need of the church. And by restoring to busy men the consciousness of God, the vision and inspiration of service, the attractiveness and power of the Cross, will the manhood of America be saved and future greatness of the Republic be assured.

As Congregationalists, we have taken our place in line with the other denominations in this movement and at the convention, recently held in Detroit, have organized the Congregational Brotherhood. That splendid gathering was a laymen's convention. The various forms of Christian activity brought forward in the comprehensive program, the passion for Christ ringing in the speeches of laymen as well as clergymen, have set the pace for the men of our churches everywhere. Under the provisions of the national organization, the men of the general conferences of the Western states should be organized. The forward movement in missions of the Christian men of Los Angeles and other cities along the coast are the battalions swinging into line. Local clubs, organized not only for sociability on the coffee-and-doughnut plane, but for Christian service, both spiritual and practical, are the companies marching in the Lord's hosts. Loking down from the heights upon the five thousand marines and sailors of our of our fleet in the great parade at San Diego, as the orderly columns march in military step under one flag, the humble citizen, who before has felt the obscurity of his station in life and has pondered over the influence of his single ballot, now with reverence feels the thrilling consciousof citizenship in the greatest Republic upon which the sun has ever shone. So may we, catching a vision of the battalions of men under different denominational banners, our own men under the banners of the Pilgrims, and all under the common flag of the Great King, swinging into line at his command, feel, as we take up the duties of our particular club and church, the thrill of citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven!

A MESSAGE FROM KANSAS.

Governor Hoch at the Methodist General Conference Concerning Prohibition.

"Twenty-seven years ago the state of Kansas grappled with the greatest moral—may I say immoral—monster in the world, the liquor traffic. In those days to be a prohibitionist was to be denominated as a fanatic and as a crank. When a Kansas man went abroad in those days people pointed the finger of scorn at him, and said, 'There goes a Kansas crank'; but this idea of the Sunflower State has become quite popular, thank you. (Applause.) A few months ago I had the distinguished honor of accompanying the President of the United States, and twenty other governors, on the Mississippi River trip. At the great banquet in Memphis, where there were 2,600 people sitting at the banquet table, where there were more evidences of drink than I ever saw in one place before, the toastmaster who introduced me, cherishing some of the old notions of the past, made some slighting remark about prohibition Kansas. I took occasion at tnat time to say that the idea of prohibition was based upon the fundamental proposition that the logical attitude of a government toward every recognized evil is that of prohibition. (Applause.) That the liquor traffic is a recognized evil is decided, my friends, by every license law, high and low (applause), and is affirmed and confronted by the opinions of the judiciary from the highest to the lowest court in this land.

"I took occasion at that time also to tell those gentlemen and people of the South that it was my proud privilege to have myself been born in the Sunny Southland, in the state of Kentucky, and that the old Bourbon state of Kentucky—my native state—is today so far gone in this prohibition craze that 109 counties out of 192 are 'dry.' (Great applause.) And I stated to those gentlemen in Memphis that it was my understanding that their good state of Tennessee had gone 'dry' with the exception of three counties. (Applause.- Looking about upon the jugs and bottles and other evidences of drink there, I said, 'However, there does not seem any great drought in Memphis.' (Laughter.) 'But,' I said, 'gentlemen, it is coming, and you had as well get ready for it.' And I say to you here today that it is coming—it is coming, and I want to revoice the sentiment uttered by that splendid statesman, Mr. Landis, of Indiana, in Congress yesterday, when he said that he expected to live—and I expect to live—to see the day when the last saloon will be driven from the land. (Great applause.)

"Gentlemen and friends the battle for prohibition along moral lines has been fought and won long ago. Nobody longer advocates a saloon as a moral proposition, but there are still a few comparatively good people—so-called business men—who think that the saloon is a necessity as yet to the business interests of a community.

"I want to bring you a message from Kansas. In the last six months we have driven every brewery out of the state of Kansas, and confiscated a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property, and over the length and breadth of that great commonwealth—the best state in the Union, if you please—a state 400 miles long and 200 miles wide, there is not an open saloon today. (Applause.) Has it ruined the state? Oh, no. I question if there are 1,600,000 people anywhere on the face of the earth relatively so prosperous as are the people of Kansas. (Applause.) Our largest town is a town of only 100,000 people. In the last two years we have driven every saloon out of that town. I went down there two years ago and attended a banquet. We were beginning the closing movement at that time, and some of the business men were very much opposed to it; the city was deriving $85,000 revenue every year from the traffic, and they were afraid it would ruin the town; the business men were opposed to the movement, and the presiding officer on the occasion referred to went out of his way, I thought, as I was the guest of honor, to refer to outside interference in local affairs. I had a carefully prepared speech at that time—I wish I had one now—but I departed from that speech a little, and made a few impromptu remarks. I said to these business men, and I say to you, brethren, as I say to those men who may have straggled in here this morning, and as I say wherever I speak—and you will pardon the plainness of my speech—that the devil never invented a bigger lie than that it is necessary for any community to go into partnership with him to succeed financially.' (Great applause.)

The Bishop: "Your time has expired."

(Cries of "Go on!" "Go on!")

The Bishop: "I cannot allow it without a suspension of our rule."

A Delegate: "I move to suspend the rule and extend the time ten minutes."

The motion was seconded and carried.

Rev. Dr. Frank K. Sanders severs his connection with the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society September 1, in order to accept a call to the presidency of Washburn college at Topeka, Kan.

VOICES FROM CANADA.

We have read with considerable interest the addreses of two fraternal delegates from Canada to the Methodist General Conference at Baltimore, and make a condensation thereof for our readers.

The Greatness of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. James Henderson said:

"I bring to you to-day the greetings of a Church which has before it a great future, for there is opening up before us in the land north of you, such a heritage as we ourselves had never dreamed of. The greatest discovery of the twentieth century for us is the rediscovery of Canada. Hitherto, some of you, dear people, have thought and talked of Canada as if it were a small semi-circle, for the most part of snow, near the North Pole..

"We have in Canada a greater country, as the Irishman would say, of its size to Christianize than any other country I know of. Were we to exchange territories with you we would lose a little more than six hundred thousand square miles in the deal, unless you threw in Alaska, and even then we would lose eighteen thousand square miles by such a bargain. Were we to exchange it for Europe, with its fifty royal palaces, its twenty seats of government, and its four hundred millions of a population, we would not get much more territory than we already have. No wonder that Canada to-day is one of the world's centers, drawing to itself the many people in many lands who are in search of better homes. It is the sound of a great army, the advance guard of which has already arrived upon the scene, that we hear to-day as they push their way across the prairies and over the mountains of our West, and the church in Canada feels that it must hold itself in readiness for their arrival. Indeed with all the forces we can command we cannot keep pace with this advancing wave of population.

So, you can understand that to us as a church, Canada itself is to us the great center of the missionary world. Our Northwest is no longer a dim speck on the horizon, no longer flits as a kind of will-o'-the-wisp conjured by the unconscionable speculator to lure on to certain ruin the uninitiated investor. It is, the lone star of the British Empire drawing to itself some of the surplus populations of other and older lands. O, the opportunity is immense. Settlers are arriving with the arrival of every train. Settlements are springing up as if by magic all over these boundless prairies. This is the birth period of the church and of the nation. Talk about the future of Christianity! Christianity has no future. Christianity is the future. We feel that Canada cannot make the future of Christianity, but unless Christtianity, make the future of Canada our nation is doomed."

The Racial Problem.

"With you, we have had our racial problems. Please reember that the history of Canada antedates that of the United States. We are certain that those old Norsemen discovered Canada centuries before Columbus was born. We are also certain that old Acadia was settled by a noble band of Frenchmen a quarter of a century before the Pilgrim Fathers cast anchor at Plymouth Rock. The history of Canada begins in 1604 behind the palisades of old Port Royal, and no history has a more romantic setting. The struggle of the two dominant races for supremacy upon Canadian soil furnishes a tale of national romance of great fascination, and when at last the die was cast that decided that the Briton and not the Gaul should dominate our part of this Western world, it was hard to decide which had won the greater glory, the high-souled, indefatigable Montcalm or the heroic and invincible Wolfe. For the English it was a great victory, for the French a glorious defeat. It is in this spirit that these two races to-day unite hands upon the Heights of Abraham and celebrate the tercentenary of that historic battle ground.

'One of your great orators, when in our country some time ago, told us about a great bridge that was once being built over one of your rivers. All the sections, which had been previously prepared, had been laid and fitted beautifully, but when the two central sections were laid it was found that they did not meet, they were several inches apart. They said the mistake had been made in the measurements. It was toward evening and the contractor started for the distant city to consult the engineers about the mistake; but when the sun next morning began to climb toward noon, the gap became less and less, and when the noon hour struck, by the expansive power of the sun's heat, the two sections had touched each other. The foreman at once telegraphed the contractor to this effect. The two sections are now in touch. What shall we do? In a short time the answer was flashed along the wire. Clamp them! So, there was a time when the two great races of the French and the English were like the sections of that bridge, they were apart. The sun, however, of a better understanding is bringing them together, and we are doing all we can to clamp them, and I think we are succeeding. 'Our church has its missions among the French; but our mission force upon the field has been far too small. There is no field where more courage and consecration are needed than in that province so overshadowed by the Vatican, and there are none more entitled to the sympathy and support of the church, than are those few brethren who, like a lone regiment, are laying siege to the strongest citadel that Rome has planted anywhere; for the papacy is relatively stronger on the banks of the St. Lawrence than it is upon the banks of the Tiber."

Indian Problem.

"Again, in common with yourselves, we have our Indian problem. There are scattered throughout the Dominion about one hundred thousand Indians, about sixteen thousand of whom are within the sphere of Methodistic influence, and over five thousand of these have been received into the membership of our church.

"We have found that it pays us as a nation to keep good faith with our Indians, and it pays both church and state to secure their education and their evangelization. Statistics show that the economic value of the Christian Indian is in excess of his pagan brother. As a pagan, the Indian is bound to remain a liability, but as a Christian he is bound to become, however slowly, an increasing asset to the nation. The Christian Indian pulls more than his own weight in the canoe of society, the pagan Indian never does."

The Asiatics.

'Another peril that may yet asume serious proportions to you and to us is the arrival of so many Asiatics upon our shores. Asia seems bound to move down upon America. Need I ask who put in motion this Eastern avalanche. It was in 1858 that the guns of the Anglo-French army were heard around the world as they made a wide breach in the walls of Chinese exclusiveness, through which the 'foreign devil' has been forcing his way ever since into the Flowery Kingdom. I have often wondered whether history will repeat itself. Will China seek to reverse the program of 1858 with a vengeance? Will the world, some of these mornings, wake up to hear the thunder of cannon as the East batters her way into the West as did the West her way into the East over a half century ago.? Will that terrible nightmare dream of a yellow peril at last materialize? Who can say it will or it will not? Our duty as a church is very clear. We must bring to bear upon these Asiatics as

they arrive on this continent, the greatest transforming agency known to man. We have a small mission away up yonder on the Pacific slopes among these Asiatics which has succeeded on a small scale to demonstrate what might be done for them on a larger scale. During the recent war some of our Japanese converts went out to Manchuria to fight the battles of their native land. While there, news reached our missionaries on the firing line of their heroism in seeking not only the glory of the Mikado, but the glory of the Lord Christ. They showed themselves good soldiers and good missionaries. Since then I have thought that, perhaps, the best line of defense which these two nations could throw up against the invasion of the East, is to plant a chain of mission stations right along the Pacific Coast, and if possible, capture those Asiatics for Christ and the church. Then let them return to the land of their fathers as gospel missionaries and perhaps we could find that to be a most effective method of reaching China and Japan with the gospel."

Church Union.

"But the most important movement afoot in Canada today is the effort now being made to bring about the organic union of some of the leading churches of Protestantism. Not long ago such a suggestion would have been regared as altogether out of the pale of the possible, but to-day there are not a few of the most practical men who are dreaming that the golden age will yet be partially realized in Canada. and when a new church shall arise in our country known as The United Protestant Church of Canada, in which Methodism, Presbyterianism and Congregationlism will be blended in one."

The Trend in the Canadian Pulpit.

"The prevailing tendency in our Canadian pulpit is to move the emphasis from the emotional to the ethical, from the sentimental to the practical, and somewhat from the theological to the sociological. We are now aiming at saving society as well as the individual, and to prepare our people for the known duties of life that now is as well as for the unknown destinies of that which is to come.

"In our preaching we still insist upon an experience of the saving truths of the gospel as at once a present possibility and a personal privilege, and as the only satisfactory, and shall I say, scientific test of Christianity as a divine religion. And standing by this test we are prepared to meet the objections of material science on the one hand and resist all the charms of a poetical pantheism on the other."

The Tide of Immigration.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, a Canadian layman, in the course of his address spoke as follows concerning the great tide of immigration:

"We have realized that these settlers occupied these new territories, not like the pilgrims, for freedom to worship God, but for the same reason that thousands rush to your West and Middle West, namely, to better their material condition; and it at once became apparent that unless the church met the situation and adequately supplied these new communities with religious institutions, and the inspiration of a warm, persuasive, and commanding religious life, they would lack that which alone could save them from materialism, and preserve to them all that is best and truest in our Christian civilization. We found the question of dealing with these new conditions complicated by the great number of the non-English-speaking immigrants settling in communities in Western Canada and in our larger cities, and we are hoping to profit by your experience in dealing with these problems. You have, during the past fifty years, been receiving an enormous annual immigration. It reached its highest point in the decade between 1850 and 1860, when it averaged only one per cent per annum of your population, and in occasional years during the past fifty years it has reached about one and one-half per cent of your population. As you know the difficulties of dealing with this problem, you will appreciate our difficulties when I tell you that from 1901 to 1906 our annual immigration to Canada averaged over two and one-fourth per cent of our population, and our immigration last year was between four and five per cent of our total population, or almost three times as large in proportion to our population as your country had ever received in any one year. Your country had a population of over twenty million of people before it was called upon to receive and assimilate, to Americanize and evangelize, as many immigrants as we received last year.

"To this tide of immigration your country has contributed a most important part. During the past ten years nearly three hundred and fifty thousand American settlers, largely from your Central and Western states, have taken up their homes in Western Canada. May I give you a short message from them? They have not lost their love for the Stars and Stripes, but each day they have an increasing respect and love for the Union Jack; they have not forgotten the Fourth of July, but with increasing heartiness they join in celebrating the Twenty-fourth of May and Fourth of July. They look back with all due affection to your church with its episcopal form of government, but enjoy without protest the free democracy of ours. They have not forgotten the lands and the institutions to which they have come. They constitute a most valuable element in our national and religious life."

Further Concerning Church Union.

On the matter of church union, Mr. Rowell said:

"Let me as a lay member of the joint committee carrying on the negotiations, give my impressions of its most important features:

1. The sense of the divine presence in the meetings of the committee, which all recognized and gratefully acknowledge.

2. The constant spirit of brotherhood, which characterized all the meetings. The leaders in the movement agreed that, could the members of the churches only be present and hear the discussions and enjoy the fellowship of these meetings, union would be a reality in a very short time.

3. The fact that the leaders of the churches are the leaders in the movement. It, I am inclined to think, has not yet deeply gripped or profoundly moved the rank and file of the membership of any of the churches, and the real test will come when the basis of union is submitted to the individual congregations.

4. The impelling motive toward union, on the human side at least, is the conviction that, united, these churches can do more toward the establishment and maintenance of the rule of the law of righteousness and love both in Canada and in the foreign mission field than they can if they remain as at present. The general impression of opinion by the leading delegates of the negotiating churches has been that he difficulties of getting together appear to be less in this larger union movement than in any of the pre-preceding denominational union movements.

What a mighty force for righteousness a united church would be! It is said by some that by such a union Methodism would be cutting herself off from the glorious traditions of the past, and that Presbyterianism and Congregationalism would be doing likewise. The leaders of our churches cannot see the matter in this light. They believe that the united church would cherish, hold to, and be inspired by all that is good and glorious in the history of all these churches."

WHAT IS TRUE PENJTENCE?

A Study of the Fifty-first Psalm.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for June 7th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Prof. Moulton calls this psalm the "prayer of a grief-stricken conscience." We do not know who wrote it, for, while the title ascribes it to David, these titles are later additions upon which practically no dependence can be placed, and the psalm itself contains religious ideas which hardly fit David's day. But we do not need to know who wrote. Indeed the psalm becomes broader and profounder when it comes to us a voice out of the unknown. It is the cry of no one man, it is the universal cry of the human soul for forgiveness and peace.

If we turn to our Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible we shall find this poem consists of six stanzas of six lines each, with a postscrpit (verses 18 and 19) added. The poem really closes with verse 17 and the last two verses may best be disregarded as a later ritualistic addition. They are quite out of harmony with what preceeds. Let us now take up these stanzas one by one and trace the development of the poets thought. The first stanza begins with the line:

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness."

There is a difference between penitence and remorse. Remorse looks at the sin, penitence looks at God. Remorse sees only the evil done, penitence sees beyond the evil done the form of God who has been sinned against, and in whose love, even for the sinful, hope remains. The foundation of penitence is, then, a realization of the love of God. Without a vision of God's love there would be remorse, not penitence.

"Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned."

The second step in penitence, as shown in the stanza beginning with this line, is frank acknowledgment of sin. This acknowledgment may or may not be made to men, but it must be made to onesself and to God. There is no hope for the man who excuses himself, or calls evil, good, and good, evil. The psalmist even shoulders the burden of an evil heredity and says bravely and honestly, "I have sinned." He does not whine about environment or inherited tendencies. He says, in effect; O, God, that you may be clear when you judge me, let me say that I confess my sin. I am not trying to excuse myself.

"Behold Thou desirest truth in the inward parts."

Over against his own frank acknowledgment of sin the psalmist places the essential truthfulness of God. This is an honest universe, the expression of an honest God. As this truth sinks into any man's soul he must cry out for a new purity within.

"Hide Thy face from my sins."

The fourth stanza carries on the cry for inner cleansing and renewal to that supreme prayer of every awakened soul.

"Take not Thy holy Spirit from me."

If "prayer is the noblest use of language," then this is the ultimate and noblest prayer, so far as our individual relationship to God is concerned. Only Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane reaches a higher level. When a man comes to feel the need of harmony with God, of living his life in tune with the great forces that pulse through the world, then his penitence is real and healing.

"Restore unto me the joy of salvation."

I once heard Robert Speer say something to the effect that "there is no joy in the world like the joy that comes after a sin has been faced and overcome." Remorse, that sees the sin but sees not the God of love, leads only to dispair and darkness; but penitence, struggling back toward the loving Father's arms, knows at last the joy of reaching home.

"O Lord, open thou my lips."

With this stanza the peom closes. Out of sin and penitence a new and higher vision of true religion has been reached. No more shall it be a matter of forms and ceremonies, of orthodoxy or of ritual—from henceforth it is a surrender of the heart to God:

"Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Old Glory at the Golden Gate.

It was no small privilege for a boy to see Henry Clay, the idol of the ruling party, bowing gracefully from a carriage to the people, who welcomed the eloquent Kentuckian to the city of New York. There I saw the freedom-loving Kossuth, with his black-feathered felt hat, bowing gracefully to the cheering crowd. Pushing my way to the gallery of Niblo's Garden Pavilion, I saw and heard Daniel Webster charm crowds of admirers. These are brief and fleeting impressions. It was a greater experience to see Abraham Lincoln step from a Hudson River train in New York City and step into a carriage with Fernando Wood, the famous democratic mayor of the metropolis. The excited city laughed at a newsboy who, perched in a tree over the reception stand where Wood was welcoming the newly elected President said, "Be careful what you say Fernandy, for you'll have to stick to this." The tall and gaunt prairie lawyer was equal to the wily mayor, for he said he meant to stand by the constitution even as he braced himself up against the white marble column of the beautiful city hall. The time-serving politician is almost forgotten. Only the venerables who do me the honor to pick up these acorns even recall his name. But Lincoln! No one can live in beautiful Santa Clara county and go annually to Campbell's celebration of Washington's birthday without keeping the names of Washington and Lincoln not only in the memory but stirring in a patriotic heart.

No sight my eager eyes ever looked upon seemed to mean more than the procession of the white ships of our navy on May 6th, 1908, into the Golden Gate. One sailor laddie whose pious parents were praying for him in the pine woods of northern Minnesota was a type of sixteen thousand who were to be made better or worse by the greeting and their use of it, of our expectant Pacific coast. Bob Evans' rheumatism gave all hearts a twinge. There the iron-hearted hero was, worthy of Wellington's name of Old Ironsides, fulfilling his promise to Roosevelt to bring his ships in or die in the attempt. I'm not ashamed to pray on the side where the hero of the White House pushes. Its a trifle that my little ranche is worth more when this peninsula grows.

It is a tremendous fact that Christian civilization follows a fleet like ours and that great guns may speak the message of chaplains and the gospel which Paul preached. That little girl whose mother offered her to Bro. Vaile for six years has a higher value because of the ideas which this fleet represents. The barefooted women who tote coal on their heads to coal ships are likelier to get into elevating missions because a well-manned and well-mannered navy will breed respect for a Christian country and Christian ideas. As the beautiful ships came out from under the clouds of smoke which enveloped them at anchor and the fog rolled away,

the glorious sunshine struck them until they themselves shone with a clearer glory of service and they themselves seemed beautiful and instinct spirits. If a hospitable inn can be claimed to have a soul, why not a fleet of beautiful ships sailing under an ideal flag of ideals?

White Hands On Blue Jackets.

The kindness of good women towards the rank and file of sailors has been notable. From Mrs. Bob Evans, dancing with an enlisted man, clear through the best matrons of our coast has been manifested interest in the boys good mothers all over the land are praying for. This accounts for what a city policeman tells me. "Not a boy in a hundred has made us any trouble." Look out for your laurels Stanford and Berkeley! Behold your pattern and your opportunity! A handsome young midshipman who devoted himself in Los Angeles to a blind girl, and not far from here, made his only call on a lovely "shut-in." I learned that the kindness of good women to the sailor boys has made a great impression. It has had more effect than a sermon. It has proved to the boys the possibility of social footing on a plane of genuine worth and fairness. A Sunday-school expert, a lady of wide experience, told me how a sailor at Santa Cruz contrasted Western cordialty with Eastern exclusiveness and compared the aristocracy of Eastern hotels with the democracy of Western ones. The Fairmont Hotel has welcomed the enlisted men to its hospitality. What a schooling in history, geography, patriotism, manliness, courtesy, kindness our coast and our visiting boys have had together! I have met neither a pickpocket nor a drunkard. Not an oath has spoiled the sweet air about me. A happier crowd of courteous and smiling people than these on the broad and beautiful Van Ness Avenue, after the parade, I never saw. Others tell me the same story. According to a careful observer, Oakland's crowds on Goat Island had the very pearl in the region for observation and fellowship. And, report has it, they behaved like sheep of the Lord's pasture.

Sierra Polytechnic.

That was a winsome broadside in our Pacific concerning the summer assembly at Bidwell. The patriotic lessons of the fleet, the reform ideas of the temperance battle, the power and grace of Christian missions, the sweetness of Christian fellowship, the brotherhood of man, what a program of life and light for the coming summer assembly at Bidwell. One always has to pay a price who leaves California. Ho! Ho! travelers. If you miss the Bidwell summer camp you're "not in it."

Among the Churches.

California.

Etna Mills.—Eleven hundred dollars have been subscribed towards the proposed new building. More will be raised on the field, and aid will be asked from the Church Building Society.

Woodland.—The Rev. W. W. Riley of Oil Center has arranged to take charge of the church for six months, with a view to a permanent pastorate if mutually agreeable.. The Rev. L. H. Winslow, who has been in charge the past year, will go with his family to Auburn until Sepetmber for a period of rest and recuperation.

Oakland, Fourth.—Sunday, the 24th inst., was marked by two special services. The morning being observed as Children's Day, brought with it the usual large attendance and interest of parents and friends in the graduating exercises of the primary department, so well conducted by the superintendent, Mrs. Lily Baxley. The evening was devoted to a special service to the Woodmen of the World, of which fraternal order the pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar, is a member. Many "neighbors" of the camp accepted the invitation of Mr. Maar and enjoyed the ideal service which he had prepared for them.

Pasadena.—On Friday, May 22, the four Congregational churches of Pasadena united in tendering a farewell reception to Rev. and Mrs. S. G. Emerson, of Lake Avenue Church, on the eve of their departure for their new field of labor at Logan Heights Church, San Diego. The Sunday-school rooms of the First Church, where the reception was held, had been most beautifully decorated for the occasion, and representatives from the four churches assisted in receiving the throng of guests. Addresses were made by Dr. R. R. Meredith of First Church, Dr. Jean F. Loba, West Side, Rev. Geo. M. Morrison, of North Congregational, Rev. H. T. Staats, Rev. D. D. Hill and Rev. F. J. Culver, all testifying to the splendid work done by Mr. Emerson during the more than nine years' pastorate which has just closed, and to their appreciation of his sterling character. Mr. Emerson responded modestly and fittingly, expressing his own appreciation of the honors bestowed upon him. A pretty feature of the evening was the presentation to Mrs. Emerson of a basket of exquisite pink rose buds by a little maid of First Church, who was so tiny that her head scarcely reached the top of the basket. She spoke very clearly and sweetly a little verse composed for the occasion by Mrs. Mary M. Coman, voicing the sentiments of all those present, and Mrs. Emerson responded in a most happy little speech. Resolutions of appreciation and commendation were adopted during the evening. Some choice musical selections were rendered, refreshments were served and the guests departed, feeling that the evening was one long to be remembered, not only as giving opoprtunity to honor a beloved and successful pastor, but as an occasion for bringing the members of the four sister churches into closer fellowship together.

THE LAWRENCE, BERKELEY.

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W. B. M. P.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will hold the June meeting at Mill Valley on June 3rd. Sessions at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. V. BUFFORD, Sec.

A PROBLEM.

I know a boy who didn't believe in fairies, 'cause he said
He never saw one anywhere except in books he'd read;
And then I ast him if he'd seen the coast of Afrikee
Except when he was studyin' his book on joggraphy?
I ast him if he'd ever seen old Greenland's icy cap
Except when he was lookin' for the North Pole on the map?
I ast him if he'd ever seen great Gen'ral Washin'ton
Except in books that told him what G. W. had done?
And when I got through asking him more questions similar
He said he "thought 'twas goin' to rain," and ran home to his Mar.

—By John Kendrick Bangs in the Housekeeper.

THE HOME

THE BLOTTED PAGE.

The Angel with the Book
That holds each word and deed,
On my page let me look;
And as I blushed to read—

"Three things," the Angel said,
"I may blot out for thee."
I bowed in thought my head—
Now which ones should they be?

"Blot this!"—"No, that!" came quick,
As still new conscience woke;
Till all the leaf was thick
With blackening blur and stroke.

"'T were better as I live,"
I cried in my despair,
"To blot the whole, and give
A new page otherwhere!"

—Edward Rowland Sill.

A FORTUNATE MISHAP.

By Jean K. Baird.

Mrs. Thomas was annoyed. She was cultivated and high-bred enough not to give way to her feelings; but her troubles were so many that she wondered she could bear them. Her cook had served lamb roast without mint sauce! That same day she discovered that her automobile was not up to date. Her friend, Mrs. Burnett had purchased one with later improvements. Her coat had come home from the tailors with —yes, positively a wrinkle under the arm. It was a small one, to be sure, so small that one must inspect the coat closely to know that it was there. Mrs. Thomas thought over these troubles and dilated upon them until they became mountains, cutting off her view of everything else.

She was speeding along in her automobile. She looked over upon the fields and hills, but saw nothing beautiful in them. Her eyes were filled with her own petty troubles; she did not notice the shading hues of the frost-touched leaves, nor the golden brown chipmunks frolicking in and out, nor the glorious coloring of the sky; nor was she conscious of the amber haze of the atmosphere which enveloped all like a veil.

The first thing she became conscious of was an unusual whirring sound in the running gear of her machine, irregular movements from side to side of the road, and then a sudden standstill.

"I think we'll rest a while," said the chauffeur. "That sounds like trouble."

He examined the gearing. The accident was a serious one. It would take him some time to repair damages.

"I see a little cottage among the trees yonder," said Mrs. Thomas. "I shall rest there until we are ready to continue our journey."

The cottage was old and poor-looking. The vines had tumbled down about it. Mrs. Thomas made her way up the gravel walk. Before the door, in the full heat of the sun, sat a young woman in a wheel-chair. She smiled sweetly as Mrs. Thomas approached.

"You have had a break-down. I saw you coming over the hills some minutes ago. Will you sit and rest? Will you bring a chair for yourself from the hall inside? I cannot move or I should not ask you to wait upon yourself. I'm alone."

Mrs. Thomas carried out a small rocker. Seating herself, she asked, "Did you say you were alone?"

"Yes; my brother and I live here. He must be away at his work. I cannot keep him here for company. Sunny days he wheels the chair here. If it rains after he is gone I creep into the house."

"How lonely you must be!" said the caller in sympathetic tones; while she wondered within her heart how anyone could be even reasonably content under such circumstances.

"Lonely? Not at all, although I must confess that at first I was. I've trained myself not to be. I have so much company. Sit quiet for a moment and my friends, the squirrels, will come from the tree, and eat from my hand. I've learned so much sitting here alone."

"You have? I do not think I understand how that can be."

The invalid smiled; her whole face lighted up with beauty.

"I have taught my eyes to see. I remember when a schoolgirl I read that couplet:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
Only a primrose it was to him,
Nothing more."

"That was all to me then; but now each flower and bud, each changing leaf tell me wonderful stories of that great power which fills the universe. His love watches over all. He breathes his spirit over land and sea. I am such a small part of the great world's plan. Why should I complain that he has made me helpless? It was for some good. Perhaps my strength would have been ill-used. It may be that in my helplessness I may help to work out his great plan of 'peace on earth and good will to men.'"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Thomas.

"A great deal has been left to me—a contented spirit. Many a stronger person lacks that. At first I thought it must not be that I should be helpless."

"You were not always so?" Then the invalid told of how her home, money and health had been taken from her in one day. Her family had been among the victims of the fire which a few years before had destroyed a great city.

"To have lost home and money! How could you bear it!" cried Mrs. Thomas. She looked about her as though to say how can you be content with this after the wealth and ease to which you were once accustomed?

"I thought I could not, but I learned that happiness and contentment do not depend upon material things. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. I have been thinking in my heart that a good brother has been left to me. My body is crippled, but my mind is yet my own. The air and the sunlight, the wonderful view of hill and dale are mine. I'm happier now than when I lived in a mansion, because I have taught myself that my happiness depends upon myself alone. As I saw you in your automobile coming over the hill I wondered if you had learned the wonderful things which this year has taught me."

"I have not," said Mrs. Thomas. She arose, as she saw the chauffeur coming in search of her. "I have not

learned that lesson," she repeated, "but I will. I shall learn that the mind is its own place and can make a heaven of whatever place it will."

Young People

CAP, THE FIRE DOG.

Cap had lived with the firemen ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him and declared that Cap was the wisest dog that he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his hind feet and say. "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark whenever he was thirsty.

He could walk on his hind feet, drink from the fire hose, and drag the hose about whenever he was told to do so.

The chief of the fire department said that Cap could do more "tricks" than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told how to do it.

The firemen slept upstairs over the station in long rows of white beds, and, whenever the fire bell rang in the night, the firemen would spring from their beds, dress before you could say "Jack Robinson," run to the four large holes in the floor, and come sliding down the poles one after another; then they would run to the horses, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hook-and-ladder wagon, the hose-cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire.

Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but of course, that was something no dog could do. So, if he happened to be upstairs, as he often was, when the fire bell rang in the daytime, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring on the seat beside the chief.

But at night Cap stayed downstairs, sleeping very near the telephone and fire-bell; and, when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow!" almost as soon as they heard the bell and, no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them.

"He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that if they slept in their clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute," or, "I am too sleepy to go." Even the horses would run to their places the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

One night there was a great storm, and something happened to the telephone and fire bells, so that they could not ring; and in the night time, when all was dark and still, and all the firemen and the fire horses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policeman on the street corner ran to the telephone to call the firemen out.

The fire bell tried its best to ring; but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than "Bz-z."

Not a fireman heard it.

Not even a fire-horse moved.

"Bz-z!" said the bell again, and suddenly Cap opened his eyes, and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's cart.

The firemen rolled out of their beds, and each one asked: "Did you hear that? Did the fire bell ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire.' We had better dress and slide down and see about it."

"Bow-wow!" bow-wow!" barked Cap.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell just as the fireman came sliding down the pole.

"Fire!" shouted the fireman. "Cap was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places, the jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policemen in front of the station, and "cling, clang, clang!" from the gongs of the engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon found and put out; and, when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen, the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog."—Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

HIS REFERENCE.

"Good-by. Tomorrow by this time I shall be well on my way to Chicago."

"I shall miss you more than I can say, but I suppose that it is an opening you cannot afford to refuse."

"I would not refuse it for anything. It may be the means of my getting into the office here, a thing I have tried for over and over again without success. If I manage that, I shall be home again in a year or two. You will certainly write?" wistfully.

"To be sure I will."

"And go to see mother often?"

"Of course."

It was storming hard the next morning, but in spite of that Alice told her mother that she had decided to go to town. "You don't mind, mother, do you? To tell the truth, I feel all turned about Will's leaving. I'm going to miss him so. I would go to see his mother today, but I know perfectly well that the moment she began to talk about him I should cry, and I don't believe that would comfort her much. I love the snow, and I'll go and see some pictures and take lunch with Laura, if you are willing."

"Perfectly willing, dear; only, if you find that there is going to be any trouble on the road, you will come home on an early train, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Good-by."

Alice had had her outing, and was just seated, and the train on the point of starting, that afternoon, when somebody asked, "May I sit beside you?" and at the sound of the familiar voice she looked up, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why—why, Will!"

"I do not wonder that you are astonished. I can hardly realize myself that I am here," he said, as he took the seat beside her.

"But you should be half way to Chicago by this time. You told me that they would only hold the position for you until tomorrow."

"Yes," quietly, "but—I have given up the position, Alice."

"Given up the position? That means giving up all hope in the home office! Do you mind explaining, or would you rather I would not ask?"

"No, I do not mind explaining—to you. It is simply this: I found that my mother was breaking her heart over it—my leaving home, I mean. She tried her best to hide it, but I found it out last night, after I left you."

"But—what a terrible disappointment."

He did not reply at once. Then, with his eyes bent upon the ticket, which he was snapping between his fingers, he said quietly: "Yes, it is a disappointment, and the more so for the loss of hope for the future here, but, Alice, there are two things which I have promised myself never to do. One is," lifting his head, "that for no earthly consideration will I commit a dishonorable act, in or out of business; the other, that I will never, God helping me, grieve or disappoint my mother. There are, perhaps," with a faint smile, "other positions in the world, but there is but one mother."

An old gentleman, seated directly behind them, who had glanced up at Alice's words, now rose and changed his seat. "I don't believe all that was meant for my ears," he growled, "and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for listening, but I'm not. I don't know that I ever did a better thing in my life. But how will I ever manage it? I wonder where he lives? I believe I'll speak to him."

But before he had decided what to do the train stopped, and to his dismay the two young persons in whom he had felt such deep interest got out, and he sank back in his seat with an expression of disappointment upon his kindly face.

"Now, who would have thought he was going to leave so soon? Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go hunting all over Heartdale for a handsome young fellow answering the name of 'Why, Will!'" And with an inward chuckle at his own wit, he took up his paper and began to read.

But in leaving the train at his own station, a few miles further up the road, he glanced involuntarily at the vacant seat and saw that a book had been left there. Picking it up eagerly he turned to the fly leaf while waiting for the train to stop.

"Not his, but it will serve," he exclaimed with satisfaction, as his eyes rested upon the name, "Alice M. Rowlands," neatly written there. "I'll save the company the trouble of taking charge of it."

The next evening when Will Stanley stopped at the post-office on his way home from the station, he brought the Rowlands' mail as usual.

"An interesting looking parcel, Alice," he said, "and a letter directed in the same hand."

"Why, I wonder whose writing it is? I never saw it before. But, Will, have you found anything today?"

"No," he replied quietly. There was something in his voice which made her change the subject instantly, with a throb of pity at her tender heart.

"Now," she said, "we shall see what this mystery means." And, tearing open the letter, in what Will always called her "womanish manner," she glanced at the signature.

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"No help here!" she exclaimed. "Whoever is James T. Worthington?"

"James T. Worthington? Why, he's the head of the home office. Why, Alice, what is it?" for the girl had sprung to her feet and was fairly dancing about the room, as she cried: "Will, Will, listen to this!" And, turning again to the letter, she read:

"My Dear Miss Rowlands: I return your book, which you left in the train last evening, thanking you heartily for so doing, as the finding of it has helped me out of a difficulty. I have to confess to having overheard a few words of a conversation between you and your friend, as I sat directly behind you. I only listened to a few sentences, and then changed my seat. But the result is that I wish you would oblige me by requesting Will—pardon, me, but I know him by no other name—to come to my office tomorrow morning. He will know where to find me. I wish to make the offer of a position the value of which he will understand more fully than you. A man who has two such aims in life as he declared himself to have is the man I want. I require no further reference. Gratefully your friend,

"JAMES T. WORTHINGTON."

—Christian Observer.

Count Tolstoi declines the honor of the proposed celebration of his eightieth birthday. As he is known worldwide his anniversary will be duly celebrated in many parts of the world. In writing to a friend who is promoting the celebration, he says: "I address myself to you with a very great request, namely, to stop the plan of a jubilee celebration, which will give me nothing but pain, and what is worse, the consciousness of evil doing. You know that, particularly at my age, when I am so near death, nothing is more precious than the love of my fellow men, and I fear lest this affection suffer from this jubilee. I received yesterday a letter in which it was said that all members of the orthodox church (from which Tolstoi, as is well known, was excommunicated), would be affronted by this celebration. I had never thought of it in that light, but what was written was correct. Not only among the orthodox, but also among many others, the celebration of my jubilee would provoke evil feelings." The celebration will no doubt be held over his protest. That is the sort of a sentiment to promote and intensify the feeling in its favor.

The army appropriation bill, as finally passed, carries $95,382,246.

TAKE PLEASURE NOW; DON'T WAIT.

Half the joy of life comes from getting good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyments. After a while we expect to take a rest, see a friend or read a book; but after a while never comes. The good time we are looking forward to lies as far ahead as ever. All life is spent in meaning to overtake it and enjoy it. Meanwhile we toil, drudge, and grow old, passing by with unseeing eye the happiness we might get out of every day.

Yes, every sordid, commonplace day has its wealth of enjoyment for us, if we only took the trouble to get it out.

There are the friends we love, and who love us. If we stopped to think of it, this consciousness would gladden life.

There is the beauty of the earth. Did we only open our eyes to see it we should be made glad in spite of ourselves. There are some people who have lived on earth thirty or forty years who could scarcely tell you the color of the sky from their own observation. They take it for granted it is blue because they hear so!

There are dozens of simple pleasures we might enjoy. Ten minutes every day with a fascinating book; an inexpensive little jaunt with our family or a congenial friend; fifteen minutes of bright, intelligent conversation with the home folks or on some other subject than the sordid details of making ends meet, a few minutes in an art gallery, just to look at one good picture—these are some of the little every-day happinesses we might take, and don't, not because we are too poor, but because we haven't thought them worth while. We are too busy aiming at some big, expensive pleasure in the future.

Make up your mind, then, that the big pleasure will always elude you. We shall never enjoy life until we learn to enjoy the little happinesses of every commonplace-day as we go along.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

By many this is considered the hardest command that came from the lips of the Savior. The vast majority of men and women, when wronged in any way, will in weakness seek revenge. They are ready to return injury for injury, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

It is sometimes said that "revenge is sweet." It is not so to the person whose heart has been renewed by the saving grace of God. There is sweetness in revenge only for demons, and those who possess the spirit of the wicked one. The Christian who, when overcome by his old nature, sometimes returns injury for injury, is always sorry afterward. I have no doubt that we all, when grievously wronged by some fellow creature, felt at first that we would like to inflict a severe punishment. Too often do we act in such cases before taking thought, and dishonor Christ and make ourselves miserable.—George P. Eudy.

"To take a book with great thoughts, noble impressions, divine life, and bring it into contact with my own heart, so that the noble thoughts will pass into my brain, the noble impressions into my heart, the noble life into my life, and I have come in contact with that life hid behind the printed page—that is reading, and there are a great many men and women that know the alphabet that do not know how to read," says Lyman Abbott.

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